

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The True Heart's Aspirations.

I would be thine!
Oh, not to learn the sacred
Of being first a deity aspired,
Then, when the fever-fit is past to laugh
Stripped of each grace that fancy round me
twined!

Not such the lot I crave!
I would be thine!
Not in bright summer weather,
A sunny atmosphere of joy to breathe;
But far and tremble when the storm-clouds
gather,
And shrink life's unrelenting doom beneath,
Falling woe need most.

I would be thine!
To lose all selfish feeling,
In the sole thought of thee, far dearer one!
To study every thought that will reveal,
To make thy voice's ever-varying tone
The music of my heart.

When sickness doth oppress thee,
With lowliness of voice to watch,
Waking to soothe, to comfort, to careen thee,
Sleeping to lie in dream each sound to catch,
Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine!
When wearied by worldly crosses,
To cheer thee with affection's constant care,
To stay thee 'neath the burden of thy losses,
By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,
Most dear in thy distress.

I would be thine!
To bear with thee when chafed and spirit-
worn,
The hasty word, the quick reproach, denying
But with the soft submission which is born
Of steadfast love alone.

I would be thine!
My world in thee to centre,
With all its hopes, cares, fears, and loving
thoughts;
No wish beyond the heaven where thou should'st
enter.

I would be thine!
Not in passion's wild emotion,
To show thee, fickle as the changing wind,
But with a still, deep, fervent, life-deposit,
To be the help-mate God designed—
For this would I be thine!

A Heaven upon Earth.

For there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love—an inconceivable
Even by the other as divine it is.
The other far on this side of the stars
By men called heaven, when some bliss pair are
met.

As we are now, sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence, each at gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation,
By summer morn, or curtain's fire in frost;
And by degrees there comes—not always come,
Yet mostly—another heaven there,
Cherub-faced, soft growing like without
musk fear.

Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
Takes these sweet cheeks of earth. And so
twist joy,
And love, and tears, and whatever pain
Man fifty shares with man, these two grow
old.

And if indeed blessed thoughts they die
In the same spot and night the good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.

Paquin.

What is a pastime?—A squib, a sa-
tire, a lampoon, a scurrility. Why is it
called? Because such *mauvaises plaisan-
teries* were affixed, by their anonymous au-
thors, to the statue of Paquin at Rome.
For what reason? For this reason:—

There was once a tailor in the eternal
city, whose heart was filled with bitterness
as he reflected on the unmerited jibes to
which his profession was exposed as if by a
general conspiracy of mankind. Maestro
Paquin, for so he was called, could not
for the life of him, imagine what people could
find ridiculous in a calling which concerned
itself with the great distinction between the
human race and the inferior animals. "The
world is blind," cried he at last; "what, then,
would I do? and as he came to this momentous
conclusion, he set himself to teach the sym-
ptoms of folly around him with an enthusiasm
which soon amounted to a passion. It was
meat and drink to him to see a fool; and
soon the echoes of the jests with which he
seasoned this repeat extended beyond the
shopboard, and were heard in the neighbor-
ing piazza Navona. All Rome at last
crowded to the tailor's studio, which took
the place of the apothecaries' shops in the
provincial towns of Italy, and became a kind
of public exchange for those who would hear
or communicate the news of the day.

But this news, it will be felt, took its
coloring from the mind of Maestro Paquin.
Everything was converted into materials for
mirth of malice. Great lords were no more
spared than if they had been so many tailors;
prelates and cardinals were unfrocked with-
out ceremony; and even the pope himself
set up as a target for the shafts of ridicule.
And what recourse could be had, since all
was traced to the shopboard of Paquin? It
mattered not who the speakers really were,
since Paquin and his decimal fractions of
humanity were the ostensible authors. It
was a part of the jest to clothe it in vulgar
language, and no one, however much ag-
grieved, could think of condescending to
take vengeance for anything so low. The
tongue, at length, was recognised in Rome
as at once a safer and sharper weapon than
the dagger; and everything from a personal
lampoon to a political libel, was given out
as one of the *pasquinades*, or sayings of Ma-
estro Paquin.

At length the thread of Paquin's life was
severed by the shears of destiny; and then
the pontifical government, rejoicing in the
fall of its great enemy, cried havoc, and let
slip the dogs of the police. Jibing was no
joke now. Every man was held responsi-
ble for his own jest, and made to laugh for
it on the wrong side of his mouth. Humor
was buried in the grave of Paquin—but not
for long; for it arose again as we shall pre-
sently see, with his monument. Opposite
the tailor's shop-door the kennel was hard-
ly fordable in wet weather, and a large, irreg-
ular, oblong block of stone had been laid
down across it to serve as a permanent
bridge. This block, as happens frequently
in Italy, was of marble; and as it lay prone
upon the street, half imbedded in the earth,
it bore a kind of uncouth resemblance to a
human back. The analogy was first de-
tected by the urinals of the neighborhood,
who took a fierce pride in trampling upon
the effigy of one of the giants of their race;
but after the death of Paquin, a superstiti-
ous awe mingled with their triumph, and
when the shades of evening had fallen, they
were observed to look upon it with suspicion,
and occasionally even to cross over and
like the Levites, pass on the other side.

At length, in the progress of some im-
provements that were making in the street,
this block of marble was raised out of the
kennel, and to the surprise and joy of the
Roman antiquaries, discovered to be a splen-
did torso. Its place of sepulture was near
the piazza Navona, the site of the ancient
amphitheatre, where the Emperor Alexan-
der Severus celebrated the Agonisia; and the
great puzzle was to decide whether it
was the remains of a statue of a fight-
ing gladiator—of a Hercules—of an Ajax—
or finally, even of a Patroclus carrying a
Menelaus, since another torso was found at
no great distance, which might originally
have been in union with it. Whatever it

represented, however, it was esteemed a
fine monument of ancient art, and its repu-
tation with connoisseurs continued to in-
crease rather than diminish, till, in the
course of another century, it was placed by
a critic of some authority above the best re-
mains of antiquity, even the Laocoon and
the Belvidere Apollo. We are told, it is
true, that a German antiquary took this de-
cision in such bad part, that he was about
to box the ears of the panegyrist, whom he
believed to be laughing at him; but we
shall find that it was the fate of the statue
throughout to cause such misunderstandings.

When the kennel-bridge of Maestro
Paquin was discovered to be an antique
torso, it was placed upon a pedestal against
the Pamphili palace, on the other side of the
way; but no change of position could sever
its connection with the defunct tailor. The
discomfited urchins, looking up in wonder
and veneration, gave their great enemy his
name; and while the antiquaries were argu-
ing and scolding about its origin, the people
decided that it was the statue neither of
Hercules, nor Ajax, nor Patroclus, but of
Maestro Paquin. Nay, when the Pamphi-
li palace gave way in 1791 before the con-
struction of that of Orsini, the latter re-
linquished its own name, like an obsequi-
ous heir, and was known thenceforward as
the Paquin palace. This, however, is not
to be wondered at, since, at the moment
when the mutilated statue was exalted on its
pedestal, it was consecrated by the genius
of the tailor, that before had seemed buried
with him. It spoke with his voice—even
with the Doric vulgarities of his tongue; it
breathed around his fine and pungent spirit;
and every morning the Romans ran in
crowds to read on its twisted back the bul-
letins of Paquin. Saire, sheltered once
more under the venerable name, was now
as free as ever. The pontifical police re-
sisted discomfited; libels and lampoons be-
came again the order of the day; and Rome
was never off the grin for a moment.

A collection of the sayings of Paquin
would be a curious work; but more curi-
ous, we fear, than amusing, since the say-
ings of the time which gave pungency
to the wit would now be wanting. A few
political squibs are all that are preserved,
and even these are not very remarkable,
as of the present generation. But Paquin
did not merely speak in his eloquent pa-
cific; he assumed, on great occasions, a
befitting costume, and became thus one
of the *dramatis personae*. Nor was he al-
ways a railler or jester; sometimes, in de-
ference to public honor and virtue, he cov-
ered his natural grin into an approving smile.
This was a natural grin which the professional
tailor of our own day would do well to fol-
low. There is nothing so dull as a jest-
book, and nothing so tame and singless as
an unbroken succession of satires. In 1571,
when Colonna returned in triumph from
the battle of Lepanto, he found Paquin
clothed in warrior's garb, with his helmet
surmounted by the watchful dragon, and in
his hand the bloody head of the Turkish
prince, with a mortal gash on the brow.
Twenty years after, when Gregory XIV.
on mounting the throne of St. Peter, passed
through the street on his way to the Lateran
church, he received the homage of Paquin,
who had transformed himself, for the occa-
sion, into a true courtier. He had restored
his nose, and his mutilated arm, and wore a
gilded helmet; carrying a sword in one
hand, and a pair of scales, a horn of abun-
dant, and three leaves, in the other. All
this signified generally justice and plenty;
but the leaves were a personal compliment
to the pope, who had placed loads of bread
in the public places, where it was sold to
the people at a third of the usual price.

All this, however, is out of the usual
character of Paquin, who generally main-
tained a sweet, open, and unassuming face.
He was a great patron, for instance, of Six-
tus V., to whom Rome was indebted for nu-
merous fountains; and he signified his satis-
faction with the pontifex magnus by dubbing
him *fontifex magnus*. One day a Swiss of
the papal guard struck with his halberd a
Spanish gentleman, who promptly returned
the blow, and with such effect that the
Swiss died of the chastisement. Upon this
the pope caused it to be signified to the
governor of Rome that he would not dine
till justice was done, and that he wished that
day to dine early. Every body knew that
it was needless to plead for the criminal's
life; but for the honor of his family, the
Spanish ambassador and several of the car-
dinals interceded with the pope to have him
decapitated like a gentleman. "He shall
be hung!" was the reply; "but in order to
diminish the disgrace of the execution, I
shall myself assist at the ceremony." The
gibbet was accordingly erected under his
windows, and when Sixtus V. had his love
of justice fully gratified, he went in to din-
ner, thanking God for his appetite. The
next day Paquin was seen loaded with
chains, halberds, gibbets, cords, and wheels;
and being questioned on the subject, replied,
"It is a ragout I am carrying to excite the
appetite of St. Peter." Numerous other
pasquinades were directed against the severi-
ties of the pope; but they were too much
intermingled with the religious heart-burn-
ings of that day to be read with much inter-
est in ours. Sixtus, however, took every-
thing very tranquilly, being aware of the
immunities of Paquin; till, unluckily, the
satirist attacked the dignity of his family
in the person of his sister Camilla Peretti.
This lady, before her brother's elevation, had
been indebted to her own exertions in a par-
ticular line of industry for her support; and
in allusion to the circumstance, Paquin was
one day seen in a very dirty shirt, which he
explained by saying that the pope had made
his washerwoman a princess. Sixtus made
many vain attempts to discover the author of
this insult; till at length he offered him his
life and a thousand pistoles for a confession,
threatening him with the gibbet if he should
be denounced by another. The terms were
irresistible. He immediately presented him-
self at the Vatican, acknowledged his guilt,
and demanded the reward. Sixtus
was, as usual, just. He gave him his life,
and the promised money; but had his hopes
raised, and his hands cut off on the spot, in
order to prevent him from getting into any
similar scrape for the future.

This affair, it may be supposed, shut the
mouth of Paquin for a time; but by de-
grees he resumed his audacity, till Adrian
VI., in a transport of rage, ordered the
anonymous joker to be cast into the Tiber.
"What!" said he, "in a city where we can
speak so closely the mouths of men, is it so
difficult an affair to silence a block of mar-
ble?" But one of his critics turned him
from the project, by assuring him that it
would be vain to drown Paquin, since his
voice would be heard all the same from the
bottom of the river, like that of a frog in a
marsh. But the threat appeared to be of
more avail than perhaps would have been
the actual deed; for it is certain that the
spirit which animated the statue became
comparatively silent from that moment, and
in the present day, the jests of Paquin are
heard only during the sitting of a conclave.

In this brief memorial of Paquin, it
would be improper to omit mention of his

features. The principal of these was Mafo-
rio, a statue discovered about the beginning
of the sixteenth century near the arch of
Septimius Severus, and eventually placed in
the capitol. The connoisseurs quarried
about its origin as bitterly as about that of
Paquin; but although some would have it
to be a Jupiter, some a Neptune, some an
Oceanus, &c., it received its popular
name from the place where it was found—the
Forum of Mars. Paquin and Mafo-
rio were rivals, inasmuch as the one re-
presented the towns-people, and the other
the aristocracy; but yet they were like-
wise comrades and accomplices, lending
themselves to each other's jokes, like the
clown and pantaloons of a pantomime.
This was done by means of questions and
answers. When Paquin, for instance, ap-
peared in the dirty shirt, it was Mafo-
rio's cue to ask him what he meant by such an
impropriety. In fact the conferences be-
tween the two marble jesters became of
public importance, and exercised a greater
influence over opinion than is commonly
imagined. "Be virtuous and humble,"
says Sabba di Castiglione, "for thus only
you escape the tongues of those two old
Romans, natives of Carrara—Maestro Pa-
quin and Maestro Mafo-rio."

The aristocracy and the townsfolk of
Rome being thus represented, a third inter-
locutor was in due time added to the society
to speak for the people. This was a *fucchi-
no*, found near the church of San Marcello,
spouting water from a barrel into a care-
fully-sculptured shell. It was not, like the
others, of ancient origin, being born of a
class of the eighteenth century; neither was
there anything very remarkable in its form;
but this made it all the more proper to re-
present the people. The fashion, however,
did not stop here. Babuino, an old figure
of a satyr, resembling more a baboon than
anything else, (whence its name), put in its
word; and then came the Abbe Savign, an-
other statue so called by the populace; and
finally, Madonna Lucrazia, a colossal fe-
male, the object of the rival gallantries of
Paquin and Mafo-rio. The court was at
length in dread of a general conversation
among the monuments of Rome; but for-
tunately the fashion extended no farther than
the six we have mentioned; and even these,
after a time, grew tired of repartee, and re-
turned to their marble repose. As for Lu-
crazia, it has been summed that, notwith-
standing the coldness and hardness of the
materials of her being, she was in reality
not untouched by the tender assidues of
her admirers; since, on the 25th of April,
in the year 1701, the day of St. Mark, and
the festival of Paquin, she was known to
wear a new and elegant bonnet, and to have
a lace scarf on her shoulders in the very
act of the day.

PATIENCE AND INFIRMITY.—From the
moment that a child becomes subject to any
infirmary, a special relation between him
and his mother begins to exist: and their
confidence must become special. She must
watch for, or make occasion for speaking
to him about his particular trial—not
often, nor much at a time, but so as to leave
an opening for the pouring out of his little
heart. If he is not yet conscious of his pecu-
liarity, this is the gentlest and easiest way
in which he can be made so. If he is con-
scious, he must have some pain at his heart,
which he will be the better for confiding.
Hump-backed people are generally said to
be vain, haughty, fond of dress, forward, and
talkative, irritable and passionate. If not so,
they are usually shy and timid. Nothing
can be seen in their peculiarity to cause the
first-mentioned tendencies, and it is be-
lieved they arise from mismanagement of
their cases. The fond mother and plying
friends may naturally forget that the child
does not see himself as they see him, and
may think themselves justified in saying
whatever they can say in favor of his
appearance—letting him know that he has
pretty hair, or good eyes. They may even
dress him fine to make up to him in one
way for his faults of appearance in another.
Under the idea of encouraging him under
his supposed mortifications, they may lead
him on to be forward and talkative. And
then again his mortifications, when they
come upon him unprepared, may well make
him irascible. How much of this might
be obviated, as well as the shyness and ti-
midity of those who are left to themselves
by timely confidence between the mother and
child! When they are alone together, calm
and quiet, let her tell him that he does
not look less like other people as he
grows older. Never let her tell him that
this is of no great consequence—never let
her utter the cant that is talked to young la-
dies at schools that the charms of the mind
are every thing, and those of the form and
face nothing. This is not true, and she
ought to know that it is not, and nothing but
truth will be strong enough to support him
in what he must undergo. Let her not be
afraid to tell him the worst. He had bet-
ter hear it from her; and it will not be too
much for him if told in a spirit of cheerful
patience. The child, like the man, never
has a happier hour than that which succeeds
the reception of bad news, if the noble fac-
ulties are allowed their fair play.

ESCAPE.—There is always a strong re-
action of the mind when a man, however
brave, has escaped from a danger that ap-
pears imminent. What warrior is not glad
when the battle is over? What sailor does
not rejoice when the storm is past? Does
not even the huntsman feel it when he has
safely surmounted some dangerous leap?
But, above all, when the earth has rocked
under the feet, when the mountains have
been bowed down to the valleys, when the
crash of falling cliffs and the rattle of the
earthquake have sounded in the ear, then
the moment that convulsed and heaving
Nature has resumed her tranquillity, does
not the blood rush circling again through
the veins? does not, as it were, a new life
resuscitate the fainting heart? New dan-
gers may arise, but this is past and gone.
One escape seems the pledge of future de-
liverance.—*The Wayside Cross.*

ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.—We find the
following anecdote in some of the Paris
Journals.—Cardinal Lambruschini wrote
to several religious communities engaging
them to offer up prayers that the Pope might
be removed from his state of blindness.
One of these letters was sent to Pius IX.,
who caused the Cardinal to be invited to
come and see him. The Cardinal having
replied that he was ill, and could only go
the next day, the Pope sent a message, that
he would wait on the Cardinal. On this
the Cardinal hastened to the Quirinal, and
on being introduced to the Pope, the Holy
Father placed in his hands the letter which
he had addressed to the communities. When
the Cardinal had read it, the Pope said,
"You now understand that I could not go to
bed without pardoning you!"

THE OLD TREES.

Spare them—oh, spare them, few and dim,
The trees of this old world!—they are the
The Indian's tree—his sheltered him
When he was in his manhood's prime.
Oh, teach them not—his spirit's wall
Is leaved and leafed with his life's love;
And if a single branch should fall,
The Indian's life's spirit grieves.

Break not the wild and only spell
That binds us to the shadowy past;
A moment let our fancies dwell
On something not too frail to last;
And our "ah! ah!" shall be
A few great trees of ancient birth,
That still look upward to the skies,
While all around them stoops to earth.

The only records of the bands,
That planted their enduring roots—
The only labor of their hands
That left to us its lasting fruits,
The only things which do not wait
The stamp of time on their brow,
The only links which bind the past,
In dear companionship with now.

A Sketch.

Her leopards hat was of the bright gold tint
The ribbon gleamed green as autumn clouds;
The shining of her eyes was like the sea
Aspects of sky upon a moonless night,
When stars are keeping revels in heaven;
A single ringlet of her hair was
Fell gracefully over her brow, in curls
As dark as down upon the raven's wing.
The kerchief, partly over her shoulders flung,
And partly waving in the wind, was woven
Of every color the first rainbow wore,
When I came settling in the house of beauty,
A promise from on high to a lost world.
Her robe seemed of the snow just fallen to earth,
Pure from its home in the far winter clouds,
As white, as stainless; and around her waist,
(You might have spanned it with your thumb
and finger.)

A gentle of the hue of Indian pearls
Was twined, resembling the faint line of water
That flows in the quiet sea, or the quiet sea
Her face I saw not; but her shape, her form,
Was one of those with which creating hands
People a world of their own fashioning.
Of a soft, of a heart to love and cherish, ever,
The visiting angel of our twilight dreams,
Her foot was lowliest of remembered things,
Smiling as a fairy on a moonlit test,
Listening the wind-harp's song, and watching by
The pillow of her sleeping guest,
When proud Titania shuns her Oberon.
But 'twas that foot which broke the spell—ah!
Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue—
I turned away in sadness, and passed on.
Hollok.

THE SECRET CLOSET OF THE TULI-
ERES.—One of those fortuitous chances
which occasionally happen in the midst of
events, to aggravate and unravel them, has
twisted the Jacobins with fresh
arms against the Girondists and accusations
against Louis XVI. It will be remembered
that this Prince, mistrusting the safety of
the Tuileries, some days before the 10th
of August had constructed, in the wall of a
dark passage, leading to his cabinet, a se-
cret closet, covered with an iron door and a
wooden panel. The King had been assist-
ed by the companion of his manual toil,
when he, in other days, forgot the cares of
royalty in the labor of the smith. This
man, of whom we have already spoken,
was a locksmith of Versailles, named Ga-
min. He was tenderly attached to Louis
XVI., and nothing could have induced him
to betray him, had not the general delirium
and the entreaties of his wife gradually
eradicated from his heart his love for the
King. But this robust workman, having
been attacked by slow fever, immediately
after the construction of this hiding place,
reflected with all the ardour of a heated im-
agination, by what means his body, until
that time strong and healthy, could have
suddenly lost all its strength, and wasted
away as though stricken by the hand of
death. He, at last, called to memory a
circumstance, trifling in appearance, but
which his disordered brain perverted into
food for suspicion. From suspicion to accusa-
tion there is but a short transition in the
mind of a simple and impressionable man,
and his imagination, cleared it at a bound,
remembered that during the hard
labors of the forge, the King had offered
him some refreshment, and given him, with
his own hand, a glass of cold water.
Whether the chill of the water had struck
him, or that the commencement of his illness
naturally coincided with this epoch in his
life, Ga-min believed himself poisoned by
the hand of his King and friend, whose in-
terest, he said, it was to rid himself of the
only witness of the treasure contained in
the walls of the palace. Ga-min com-
menced these suspicions to his wife, who
shared in and increased them. He strove
for a long time against the suggestions of his
heart; but at last, overpowered by despair
at perceiving by so infamous a plot, and fear-
ing lest his silence might at some future
period, be imputed against him as a crime,
he revealed to revenge himself, ere he died,
and reveal this mystery, of which he alone
was cognizant. He went, to Roland, and
made his deposition. Either from desire
to seize these fresh pieces of corruption
against royalty, from a hope of finding
written proofs of the corruption of Danton,
Marat, and Robespierre himself; or that
he feared surrendering to the Convention
correspondences which would compromise
his own friends, he hastened to clutch his
prey like a man whose eye and hand are
equally prompt to detect a secret. Roland
did not reflect on the immense responsi-
bility he took upon himself by a discovery
without witnesses. He did not summon
any members of the Convention to break
the seals; but he made Ga-min get into his
carriage, went to the Tuileries, burst open
the door of the closet, collected its contents,
and took them to the Minister de L'In-
terieur, to examine them before producing
them in the Convention. At the announce-
ment of the discovery of this treasure of
accusations, a cry of joy arose in Paris; a
murmur of indignation burst forth in the
Convention at the tenacity of the Minister.
All the parties mutually accused each other
of some secret complicity, of which the
iron chest contained the proofs, and all
trembled lest Roland had examined and
sorted these proofs of treason. All, with
the exception of the Girondists, made a
crime of his impatience, and of having sub-
stituted the hand of a minister to the eye
of the nation in the examination of this depot
of treason and intrigue. Although, in the
course of the day, Roland laid the contents
of the iron chest on the table of the Presi-
dent, yet the fact of having been the only
person present at their discovery, and of
having perused ere he surrendered them, laid
him open to suspicion of abstracting and
partiality. The Convention charged a com-
mittee of twelve to draw up a report on
these papers and the members therein im-
plicated. They contained the secret treaty of
the Court with Mirabeau, and positive proofs
of the corruption of this great man. The
truth quitted the walls of the palace in
which it had been enclosed, to accuse his
memory in his tomb. Barre, Merlin, Du-
mouroy, Rouget, the most eminent mem-
bers of the Legislative Assembly, and under
this denomination came Gaudet, Vergniaud,
and Gensonne—were mentioned, if not ac-
cused, of having been in secret communica-
tion with Louis XVI. These correspon-
dences, for the most part, rather reveal-
ed those vague plans which political adven-
turers offer in exchange for a little gold
power in distress, than decided plans or ac-
tual participation; and nearly the whole of

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The trees of this old world!—they are the
The Indian's tree—his sheltered him
When he was in his manhood's prime.
Oh, teach them not—his spirit's wall
Is leaved and leafed with his life's love;
And if a single branch should fall,
The Indian's life's spirit grieves.

Break not the wild and only spell
That binds us to the shadowy past;
A moment let our fancies dwell
On something not too frail to last;
And our "ah! ah!" shall be
A few great trees of ancient birth,
That still look upward to the skies,
While all around them stoops to earth.

The only records of the bands,
That planted their enduring roots—
The only labor of their hands
That left to us its lasting fruits,
The only things which do not wait
The stamp of time on their brow,
The only links which bind the past,
In dear companionship with now.

A Sketch.

Her leopards hat was of the bright gold tint
The ribbon gleamed green as autumn clouds;
The shining of her eyes was like the sea
Aspects of sky upon a moonless night,
When stars are keeping revels in heaven;
A single ringlet of her hair was
Fell gracefully over her brow, in curls
As dark as down upon the raven's wing.
The kerchief, partly over her shoulders flung,
And partly waving in the wind, was woven
Of every color the first rainbow wore,
When I came settling in the house of beauty,
A promise from on high to a lost world.
Her robe seemed of the snow just fallen to earth,
Pure from its home in the far winter clouds,
As white, as stainless; and around her waist,
(You might have spanned it with your thumb
and finger.)

A gentle of the hue of Indian pearls
Was twined, resembling the faint line of water
That flows in the quiet sea, or the quiet sea
Her face I saw not; but her shape, her form,
Was one of those with which creating hands
People a world of their own fashioning.
Of a soft, of a heart to love and cherish, ever,
The visiting angel of our twilight dreams,
Her foot was lowliest of remembered things,
Smiling as a fairy on a moonlit test,
Listening the wind-harp's song, and watching by
The pillow of her sleeping guest,
When proud Titania shuns her Oberon.
But 'twas that foot which broke the spell—ah!
Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue—
I turned away in sadness, and passed on.
Hollok.

THE SECRET CLOSET OF THE TULI-
ERES.—One of those fortuitous chances
which occasionally happen in the midst of
events, to aggravate and unravel them, has
twisted the Jacobins with fresh
arms against the Girondists and accusations
against Louis XVI. It will be remembered
that this Prince, mistrusting the safety of
the Tuileries, some days before the 10th
of August had constructed, in the wall of a
dark passage, leading to his cabinet, a se-
cret closet, covered with an iron door and a
wooden panel. The King had been assist-
ed by the companion of his manual toil,
when he, in other days, forgot the cares of
royalty in the labor of the smith. This
man, of whom we have already spoken,
was a locksmith of Versailles, named Ga-
min. He was tenderly attached to Louis
XVI., and nothing could have induced him
to betray him, had not the general delirium
and the entreaties of his wife gradually
eradicated from his heart his love for the
King. But this robust workman, having
been attacked by slow fever, immediately
after the construction of this hiding place,
reflected with all the ardour of a heated im-
agination, by what means his body, until
that time strong and healthy, could have
suddenly lost all its strength, and wasted
away as though stricken by the hand of
death. He, at last, called to memory a
circumstance, trifling in appearance, but
which his disordered brain perverted into
food for suspicion. From suspicion to accusa-
tion there is but a short transition in the
mind of a simple and impressionable man,
and his imagination, cleared it at a bound,
remembered that during the hard
labors of the forge, the King had offered
him some refreshment, and given him, with
his own hand, a glass of cold water.
Whether the chill of the water had struck
him, or that the commencement of his illness
naturally coincided with this epoch in his
life, Ga-min believed himself poisoned by
the hand of his King and friend, whose in-
terest, he said, it was to rid himself of the
only witness of the treasure contained in
the walls of the palace. Ga-min com-
menced these suspicions to his wife, who
shared in and increased them. He strove
for a long time against the suggestions of his
heart; but at last, overpowered by despair
at perceiving by so infamous a plot, and fear-
ing lest his silence might at some future
period, be imputed against him as a crime,
he revealed to revenge himself, ere he died,
and reveal this mystery, of which he alone
was cognizant. He went, to Roland, and
made his deposition. Either from desire
to seize these fresh pieces of corruption
against royalty, from a hope of finding
written proofs of the corruption of Danton,
Marat, and Robespierre himself; or that
he feared surrendering to the Convention
correspondences which would compromise
his own friends, he hastened to clutch his
prey like a man whose eye and hand are
equally prompt to detect a secret. Roland
did not reflect on the immense responsi-
bility he took upon himself by a discovery
without witnesses. He did not summon
any members of the Convention to break
the seals; but he made Ga-min get into his
carriage, went to the Tuileries, burst open
the door of the closet, collected its contents,
and took them to the Minister de L'In-
terieur, to examine them before producing
them in the Convention. At the announce-
ment of the discovery of this treasure of
accusations, a cry of joy arose in Paris; a
murmur of indignation burst forth in the
Convention at the tenacity of the Minister.
All the parties mutually accused each other
of some secret complicity, of which the
iron chest contained the proofs, and all
trembled lest Roland had examined and
sorted these proofs of treason. All, with
the exception of the Girondists, made a
crime of his impatience, and of having sub-
stituted the hand of a minister to the eye
of the nation in the examination of this depot
of treason and intrigue. Although, in the
course of the day, Roland laid the contents
of the iron chest on the table of the Presi-
dent, yet the fact of having been the only
person present at their discovery, and of
having perused ere he surrendered them, laid
him open to suspicion of abstracting and
partiality. The Convention charged a com-
mittee of twelve to draw up a report on
these papers and the members therein im-
plicated. They contained the secret treaty of
the Court with Mirabeau, and positive proofs
of the corruption of this great man. The
truth quitted the walls of the palace in
which it had been enclosed, to accuse his
memory in his tomb. Barre, Merlin, Du-
mouroy, Rouget, the most eminent mem-
bers of the Legislative Assembly, and under
this denomination came Gaudet, Vergniaud,
and Gensonne—were mentioned, if not ac-
cused, of having been in secret communica-
tion with Louis XVI. These correspon-
dences, for the most part, rather reveal-
ed those vague plans which political adven-
turers offer in exchange for a little gold
power in distress, than decided plans or ac-
tual participation; and nearly the whole of

them terminated by immense demands
(amounting to millions of francs) on the
King's treasury. They promised the Sover-
eign names and consciences, that were
themselves, unaware that they were made
matters of barter. Barre, Gaudet, Mer-
lin, Dumouroy, easily allowed themselves
from fictitious accusations. One man only
in the Assembly and negotiated for his
most sweet voice "and his influence at
Court" was Danton. However, the
proofs of his connexion with the Monarchy
were in England, in the hands of a Minister
of Louis XVI. The iron chest was silent
with respect to him.—*Lamartine's Girondists.*

"BEGGAR BOYS.—At the very first stop-
ping place after we had gone over the hills,
there came up to me such a winning little
beggars as never took my money before.
Italy, with all its caritas, and *pe' amore di
Santa Maria*, makes one hard-hearted. I
kept my money in my breast-pocket, but
learned tight over my heart. I had learned
to walk boldly about, without losing a
button for a pleading eye. The little Hun-
garian rogue took me by surprise: I had
scarce seen him, before he walked straight
up beside me, and took my hand in both
his, and kissed it; and then, as I looked
down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet
mine; and he grew bolder at the look I
gave him, and kissed my hand again—*mille
meun lechus cor est violabile telis*—and
if I suffer this I shall be conquered, thought
I; and looked down at him sternly. He
dropped his hand, as if he had been too
bold; he murmured two or three sweet
words of his barbarian tongue, and turned
his eyes all swimming upon me, with a
look of gentle reproach that subdued me at
once. I did not even try to struggle with
the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat, and
gave him a handful of kreutzers.

Now, before I could put my money-
back, there came running up one of the wild
cat-looking, happiest-hearted little nym-
phs that ever wore long, flowing ringlets, or so
bright a blue eye; and she snatched my
hand, and pressed her little rosy lips to it
again and again—so fast that I had not time
to take courage between, and felt my heart
fluttering, and growing, in spite of myself,
more and more yielding, at each one of the
beautiful creature's caresses; and then she
twisted the little fingers of one hand be-
tween my fingers, and with the other she
put back the long